

A Common Enemy

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Summary: Whether it be misfortune or an uncompromisable force, the Arbiter crash landed on Earth. However, it is not the same Earth he Glasped to get rid of parasites. This Earth is instead decimated by war between two factions, Human and ANOTHER Hive Mind species bent on destroying the world. This time however, the Arbiter is less than welcome to join the Humans.

A Common Enemy

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><p>Author's Note:<p>

Frankly, this came to me when I was playing Halo 2. I like the Muv-Luv Franchise a lot and I can see why it's better ranked on the Visual Novel Database. It is a fantastic series, though there are times when I get tired of the Slice-of-life and the info dumps get very tedious, I enjoyed it a lot.

There won't be any pairings just...I guess you can say "Buddy" pairings. To be honest, an Elite "doing it" with a Human girl visually...just seems too weird. You'll know what I mean once you search it up on a Rule 34 website.

To everyone who follows me, I am still working on SxD. It's being rewritten, if you haven't checked my bio page. I am not looking forward to finishing it. It's just too... I guess "hard to write". I'm going to enjoy the freedom once I get it onto a new plot.

Anyways, I won't reveal anything about this Crossover other than the summary (which I actually make up on the spot, I don't actually make a clever summary beforehand). Besides the fact that there may or may

not be any Takeru. I mean... I fucking hate him in the beginning, middle and end of Extra, Unlimited, Alternative and Fable. Although I liked him a bit more in Alternative, he's just too... dumb. It's going to be up to you to decide whether or not I put Takeru in because Alternative IV _can_ be completed with out without his help.

* * *

><p>Chapter 1: Beasts

The Arbiter awoke. He was stirred awake by a strange rumble. The room was dark and terribly lit. Grimacing, the Sangheili Ex-Shipmaster stood up, ignoring the flaring pain in his leg. He felt tired, dead tired. The pain will help keep him awake. The Arbiter limped towards the door. He had just escaped from the Ark. The Spartan, where is the Spartan? The Sangheili rubbed his head. A flaring pain pierced his mind.

He ran a diagnostic check on his suit. It was made to be expendable; at least it had the software necessary to check his armor for any malfunctions. His shields were running strong. His cloak, damaged but fixable, his suit's life support systems were working and his communications uplink was working, but nobody has contacted him. He checked around for supplies. His own personally customized Energy Sword was running at 25% charge. However, at 25%, it would last as long as a 75% charged mass-produced blade.

Still, he would need to get the batteries replaced.

The Arbiter limped his way outside the cockpit. His injured leg made it hard to walk, however he still could walk. He forced his body through the hallway. The Forward Unto Dawn must have landed on some sort of ledge, because it was slightly slanted, the hallway. He felt like he was climbing the mountains back on Sangheilius. Still, he preserved and continued hiking what seemed to be an infinitely long hallway. Finally, he reached a decision:

"Do I take a left, or do I take a right?"

1. Take a left
- >2. Take a right<p>

Obviously he would take the right path, even if it's not the right one. So he picked the right path (1). He would need to restock on weapons and ammunition, since he doesn't know if he'll meet any resistance on his way out. Then again, he doesn't even know what planet he's on; he's sure he's on Earth.

1. Go get weapons.
- >2. Fuck it<p>

The Arbiter decided to stop at the armory. His leg could handle the pain, he was a warrior not one of those sissy Prophets! The Sangheili Ex-Shipmaster grabbed a bag and began stuffing it with all the weapons he could get. Human storage units were so small, but they worked. He grabbed two more and filled them, nearly emptying the entire armory. Most of the weapons were left back on the Ark; therefore not many weapons were left. Well, not many weapons for a _ship_.

The Arbiter hung two of the bags over one of his shoulders and held the other with his left hand. His right hand held a Human pistol, it was small, and so he could use the same hand to help support the bags on his right shoulder. After several minutes of painfully long walking, he finally reached an exit. It was the end of his half of the frigate. The Spartan was on the other side, which would mean he is gone. A shame, it would have greatly reduced his anxiety if he had a partner to come with him on this little adventure.

His ship landed on a terrestrial planet, with what seemed to me a city. The Dawn was on a mountain, hence its slope. He could easily slide down the mountain plane, but it could wreak havoc on his already bad leg. He would still do it though. It would beat climbing up a mountain anytime. The slide seemed a little steep since the Dawn was on the opposite side of the mountain. The other side faced the actual city. He would need something to slide down with.

1. Find something to slide down with.
- >2. Roll down the mountain.
3. Slide down the mountain.

The sun was going to set soon and he didn't want to travel at night on a foreign land. He couldn't risk wasting the time to find a plank of metal to slide down with. Then again, the mountain did look pretty steep. He second guessed his choice and decided to just tear a piece of the Dawn's floor. It should do the trick. Plus, he can cut down any plant that comes in between him and his way down.

* * *

><p>That...didn't go out as planned. The Elite never experienced the Human sport of "snowboarding" nor has he ever used a "skateboard". As a result, he didn't know how to turn during his downward slope and ended up expelling more battery on his blade for such petty opponents: trees. The battery could still be used for a reasonable amount of time, but that time could be precious to him. Still, it got him down faster than simply sliding down the plane with just his leg armor to support him.<p>

Now in the city, the Elite noticed the eerie resemblance of a Human city back on Earth. It was however, very well...broken though. Not from Flood infection, but simply by bombs and bullet holes, large ones. There was blood everywhere though. There were no corpses, but there was an enormous amount of blood. Everywhere he went the scent of blood and rotting flesh followed, even if there were no corpses.

The Elite progressed. Not stopping for food or water. The sun sank. The sky got dark. He went on for hours, until the night sky illuminated the ground. His expert night vision kicked in. He could see very clearly in the dark. In fact, he could see lights on the hill above him. The Arbiter began walking towards it, limping. He grew more and more anxious. The Flood could attack him at any moment, but nevertheless, he marched on.

As minutes turned to hours and hours turned to...more hours, he finally reached his destination. The sky was as black as charred grass and there was what seemed to be a military installation in front of him. The lights shined brightly and two human soldiers standing outside the installation's entrance. He walked up to the two

soldiers; cautiously they stared at him, blankly, occasionally rubbing their eyes.

"_Hey, are you seeing what I'm seeing?_"

"_What, the 230cm of lizard? Yeah I see it._"

"_Huh... oh shit!_"

The two soldiers quickly raised their fire arms and fired. The Arbiter's shields flared, engulfing him in golden light. The Arbiter flinched and dropped his bags, raising his arms to defend his face. His shields barely faltered, but the Elite still made a low growl that gradually became a ferocious roar as he charged at his attackers. He smashed the first one into the gate and placed his left hand against his throat and gave him a deadly right hook punch, knocking the human out. The other one, running low on ammo, quickly called out for help. He managed to get a few words in before the Elite grabbed the walkie-talkie and crushed it in his hands. Then he threw the soldier against the gate, knocking him out.

The base's alarms blared. The loudspeaker quickly began emitting words the Arbiter could not make sense of. He did know that it was bad and he had to escape. There was another option though...

1. Piss the fuck off.

>2. Try to explain the situation to the humans.<p>

He wasn't about to cause another Human-Covenant war, so he decided to bolt, however his leg wouldn't have any of that shit and decided to fail on him. The Arbiter growled and decided that the only way to survive is to hide in the base, or get to their commander and force him to cancel the alert, or kill him. His leg had enough strength for a few jumps, and the Elite leapt over the gate. He ran through the complex, occasionally hopping on one to give his leg a breather. Finally, he encountered resistance.

More humans, but they weren't wearing the same armor as UNSC Marines. Instead, they had on their chest, "UN" instead of any UNSC logo. Also, he clearly noticed the lack of any UNSC Standard Assault Rifles or Magnums.

They flanked him on both sides of the Hallway. He could give up, but his pride wouldn't let him. The Arbiter raised his Magnum in defense. The soldiers didn't fire and neither did he. It would only take one spark for this tension to burst into a full firefight. Obviously he would win since the Magnum held a 12.9x40mm Semi-Armor Piercing High-Explosive Round and those soldiers don't seem to be wearing _any_ form of armor, metal armor that is.

"I save you from the Flood and _this_ is how you repay me? You humans are spiteful creatures." The Sangheili commented, shocking a few. Others flinched and a tensed up.

"He can speak English!"

"Holy shit, what the fuck is going on?"

"A prank? Is this a prank?"

"Is the BETA trying to communicate with us now?"

"No, this thing is a Demon!"

The Arbiter grimaced and said in his own language, "These _children_ act as if they've never seen a Sangheili before."

Well, judging from their reactions beforehand, it's obvious they haven't. The M6G Magnum was a tight fit on the Arbiter's right shooting hand, but he could hold it without too much difficulty. The Elite limped backwards and pulled out a M6 SMG from one of the bag. The others quickly rushed back as they saw the second weapon this behemoth had taken out. He slowly placed his left and right bags down and kicked them to the walls so the weapons wouldn't get damaged in the crossfire.

"I wouldn't last a minute without proper shields and these weapons won't do the trick," Thought the Sangheili. He prayed to whatever God there was out there to let his cloak work for a second, just one second. He activated it. The Elite shimmered and finally appeared transparent. There was a very faint outline and his cloaking shimmered for a second. The Elite will have only a few seconds to do this, so he quickly dropped his weapons and rummaged through his bags for a bubble shield, the others were lost in the confusion.

Finally, he came across it and his cloak finally let up. The Arbiter wasted no time in activating his item and a hexagonal dome surrounded him. He increased the intensity of the shield, making it smaller but stronger. The Humans, out of their shock let a volley of bullets fly. The shield held up, before some got the fantastic idea of charging at the alien.

The Sangheili back handed the one that charged in, knocking him out instantaneously. The other two came from behind and managed to push the Elite onto the ground. One of the brave men got on top him and raised his combat knife high. The Covenant Veteran grabbed the man's wrists with an adamant grip before smashing his own skull into the human's face, causing him to stagger. This gave the Elite the opportunity to push him off and counter the other one that was going to assault him.

The Arbiter smashed his palm into the soldier's chest, sending him flying off. Then, he twisted his body to the side and supported himself on his knee. The human charged at him, grenade in hand. The Ex-Shipmaster grunted, kicking the man into a wall and catching the grenade mid-fall just to throw it out of the shield. The Veteran Covenant soldier got up and grabbed his two weapons and was just about to return fire when the most peculiar thing happened.

"_Stop this nonsense right now!_" Someone shouted in a foreign language.

Out from the cluster of human male soldiers came a single female. She had purple... hair. Huh, that's strange. The Black human never mentioned the fact that their race could have such colorful hair styles. She wore a white robe and beneath it, a dark gray uniform with a dark blue trim. He could tell from the way she moved and commanded the soldiers that she was no ordinary commanding officer.

"Human," He spoke slowly.

"Alien," The female replied.

"Yes," He replied. The female paused before replying.

"Who...what are you?" She asked.

"I am a Sangheili from Sangheilios, my name is Thel Vadam. You may address me as the Arbiter." He replied.

"You're... an Alien right?" She tried to make sure.

"I don't believe there are any human with split mouths and bi-jointed legs, female." Thel Vadam retorted.

"You're not trying to kill us?"

"I am defending myself."

She paused, looking at the three downed personnel surrounding the giant lizard creature. She turned to the men surrounding her and noticed all the bullet cartridges on the ground. Then she examined the Arbiter's weapons. They were similar in design to Human weapons so she assumed that they used bullets as well. Then she noticed that no cartridges were expelled.

"Everyone lower your weapons."

"But Vice-Commander!"

"If he wanted to kill you, he already would have. Lower. Your. Weapons."

The soldiers reluctantly did so, but they eyed the behemoth with great prejudice. The female human called for the entire base to be put on lockdown and made the Arbiter follow her. With about ten people following, the Elite was lead to a room, a dark one with two other female Humans. Both of them were wearing a strange sort of body suit that exposed their "boobs". The human males would ogle at them, a strange reaction to the Sangheili.

"Please have a seat." The female took her place on the table. The only light was dangling over a table. This reminded Thel of the interrogation rooms in which the Humans back in UNSC territory would get information out of Loyalists.

The Arbiter sat on the chair opposite of the door. The two females held what seemed to be rocket launchers, which made the Elite uneasy. With his weapons taken away, except his Energy Sword, he felt slightly intimidated by the sight.

"I want your entire story from the start," The female demanded. "But first introduce yourself."

"I am a Sangheili Warrior. You humans refer to my people as Elites,"

"We never met your kind."

Thel laughed and continued. "As I said before, my name is Thel Vadam and my rank is Arbiter. I've just come from a mission of galactic proportions."

One of the females behind him snorted and laughed. "Drama queen."

Ignoring the insolent upstart, the Elite continued his tale. "I, with a band of my fellow Sangheili brothers and you Humans, we made our way to the Ark so we can stop the Flood and save the galaxy."

"Wait, so you're telling me you got on a ship, just to go to another ship and somehow stop a large batch of water from drowning the galaxy?" The female looked at her subordinates who seemed to be having trouble keeping their poker faces intact. The Elite was obviously confused at the reference they were making. He obviously hasn't heard of Noah's Ark yet.

"I'm sorry, what drugs were you on again?" She commented.

"The Flood is a parasitic organism that infects any sentient life. They will infect them and turn their corpses against the living."

"Space zombies? Really?"

"The Flood is a terrifying organism; you do not know the sheer amount of terror that has bestowed the galaxy when this crisis hit us!" The Arbiter shouted, trying to convey the sense of seriousness he felt toward the creatures. However, the way they're named just made it all the more humorous.

"So, so you're telling me that you fought against Space Zombies?" One of the females standing next to the door commented. "I'm sorry, but I think BETAs are far more terrifying."

"The Flood nearly wiped out all life in the Galaxy." Thel growled

"Wow you Aliens must be really weak if you got beaten by Space Zombies." The female taunted. "What did you do? Put sandbags to stop the water?"

In a burst of rage, Thel stood up and ignited his Energy Sword, cutting the table in half.

"I thought I told you to get rid of all his weapons!"

"That was a weapon?" One of them shouted, raising their Rocket Launcher.

"My brothers died fighting the parasite! You will not dishonor their sacrifice by taunting them like this!"

"Hayase, stop agitating the Alien!" One of the females said.

"Hai, hai, Isumi-tacho." Hayase lowered her weapon and glared at the alien, who in turn lowered his.

"I apologize for my subordinate's behavior. It will not happen again."

Please, continue your story." The one with red-brown hair said.

Thel grumbled; his Energy Sword, no longer ignited. He sat back on his chair, placing the handle back on his leg. "We arrived on the Ark and made our way through it to get to the control room. There, we lost many allies, both Human and Covenant. The Covenant is the name of the now defunct alliance that I was a part of. We are still partially a Covenant, we're known as the Covenant Separatists. The Loyalists' as well as the parasite were our opponents on this journey. After waves and waves of parasites and _traitors_, we reached the Loyalist leader. Where I _personally_ killed him, with the very same blade you saw."

"I am truth! Voice of the Covenant!"

"And so... you must be silenced."

Thel chuckled mentally at the twin irony he was put through. The Prophet of Truth _lied_ to his people and went out to silence anyone who dared speak _truth_. Ironically, I did something similar. He called himself the voice and truth, therefore I shall do my deed: to silence all those who dare speak the truth _as the Arbiter_.

"The Parasite's leader aided by getting us to the Loyalist's leader, only to back stab us moments later. After that, we hurried to the control room of the installation and activated it, where a Forerunner AI backstabbed us and killed Sergeant Avery Johnson, another Human. The Spartan, one of my allies, destroyed the monitor and activated it which in turn would destroy all sentient life in that particular area of the galaxy. We escaped, but the Spartan's half of the ship was lost during the escape." The Arbiter ended.

"This was a much summarized version of the story, the full one is much more interesting. I have questions of my own as well."

"Not until we've gotten all of ours answered," The purple haired female hissed. "Where did you learn how to speak English?"

"After years of war, would you not expect both factions to learn each other's language? It would make information gathering much, much simpler, would it not?" Thel replied in a rhetorical voice.

"Listen here you..." She paused, trying to find a suitable title to give the Sangheili. "You split-mouthed lizard, our species has ****_never_****, encountered yours in our entire existence. The only other extraterrestrial species we have encountered are those _damned_ BETA!"

The Arbiter grumbled and nervously squirmed in his chair. The Johnson "wasn't kidding around" when he said that the females of his race were to be feared, even more so than the males.

"I do not know how to properly respond to your accusations. I have definitely met your kind before, but you have not? That is quite odd." Thel replied as neutrally as he could.

"It is. Now what are the chances of weaponizing the Flood to use against other species?"

The Arbiter's mandibles opened slightly. He didn't reply, dumbfounded

by this Human's query. He replied, "Surely this is a fool's quest? I am no biologist, but I am definitely sure that the Flood would wipe this planet clean of organisms before you even get a chance to study it."

"You can't be absolutely sure. We can be prepared for them when they arrive." She backfired.

"Foolish; a single Flood spore can completely annihilate the entire planet. I dare not trend the path you trend." Thel said, not saying another word on the topic.

"Fine then, what about your blade? What is it made out of?"

"You humans classify this as a Type-1 Energy Weapon/Sword and call it an Energy Sword and that is all I will give out." The Arbiter answered.

"Why? What's so important about it?"

"Fool! Do you really think I'll give out weapon information to a faction I don't know? You must be an even bigger fool than the Prophets!"

"Geh, it was worth a try. Okay then, where's your ship then?" She continued to pester.

"It's on the opposite side of one of the mountains here. It is a Human ship and I have salvaged it for my weapons and ammunition. However, I advise you not to go there without my supervision. I would hate for another Flood outbreak to occur without the proper tools to stop it." The Sangheili Ex-Shipmaster said, reminiscing the time when Rtas glassed parts of Earth to stop the Flood infection from spreading.

"Is your curiosity sated?" He asked.

"No, not yet. What's with that mark on your chest?" The female pointed at Thel's Mark of Shame. He grimaced and placed his hand on it.

"Memories, very bitter memories." Thel paused to collect an appropriate reply. "This is the Mark of Shame. It is the Mark given to me when I betrayed my so called Holy Mission and failed to protect a Halo ring. It was also the same day when I threw away my name and rank as Shipmaster and became the Arbiter."

"What is an Arbiter?"

"An Arbiter is a rank. Once was a seat of great power and honor, and until recently, shame. The Arbiter before was the greatest of Sangheili. It was the ultimate rank one could gain. Now, it is nothing more than a glorified rank given to Sangheili on suicide missions. This armor is mass produced and weak compared to the other Sangheili models."

"Interesting, very interesting. What would happen to Sangheili who... let's say dishonored themselves?" The female said. She had a hunch.

"Dishonor? They would commit suicide. Whether be their blood spilt or humiliation, they will do what all Sangheili warriors were taught to do when children, to kill themselves with honor."

"How can one dishonor himself?"

"Being wounded in battle, killing your subordinates, betraying the Covenant and becoming a heretic, those are few ways." Thel listed off.

"The Japanese is strong with this one." The one known as Hayase commented.

"Now, if I may ask my own questions?"

"Fine, shoot."

"What is this...beta?" The Arbiter asked reluctantly.

"BETA stands for Beings of Extra Terrestrial origin that is Adversary to human."

"Then wouldn't it be BETOTAH?"

"Yes, but this sounds cleaner."

"Why do you insist that BETAs are more terrifying than the Flood?"

"Well for one, we've been waging a war on them for a very long time and all we have left is Japan, Australia, North and South America left. Half the world is gone in 50 years."

"The Flood can destroy an entire planet in just over 48 hours. I've seen it happen once." The Arbiter scoffed.

"Two days? Impossible!"

"Is it? Every time these parasites infect another organism, they retain a little bit of their memories. They convert an organism in about _twenty_ seconds at the fastest and fatality rate is 100%. To make things worse, they're a hive mind. That would mean that their accumulated intelligence is shared among the entire population. To add insult to injury, after they get a reasonable amount of combat forms and a leader to lead them, they become _organized_."

"I can see why you call them the Flood."

"We didn't call them the Flood, another species did, but that's a story for another time."

"Yeah, another time. One more question, it's getting late and you've awoken me in the middle of the night."

"Can you get me home?"

The female stared at him for a long while before answering.

"Depends, can you work for me?"

* * *

><p>Author's Note:<p>

(1): Yes, that is a pun. Yes he did go right. Yes that was the right (correct) path.

I got lazy toward the end. To be honest, I wanted the others to make an appearance. Maybe have the "Japanese VS REALLY Japanese-like Society + Militarism + HonorX9001 + Alien" or Meiya VS Thel Vadam in a swordfight. Yeah, you know who'd win.

I got really lazy toward the end. I'm probably not going to get a lot of reviews, but who cares. As long as I get some form of acknowledgement from the community I'll be happy. AND YES, I DID RUSH THE ENDING. (It's 12PM at night...I'm tired...and I really don't want to continue writing right now).

Also, this is really short...even for me...

Thanks,
>Sonicfanx1<p>

P.S. To everyone reading SxD... You're not getting it anytime this month. Maybe late this month since I'm soooooo tired.

* * *

><p>Update: 2005/2014 (DD/MM/YYYY)**

After getting a review from: Icesquall, I have decided to return to this chapter and revise the ending.

End
file.